SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. I .- About a score of men, chosen from the 2d, daring Federal spy, are commissioned to penetrate the rebel lines to Marietta, Ga., take a train, run northward again, destroying the Georgia Railroad, and so break communication with the South. They leave their division commander, Gen. O. M. Mitchel, April 7, 1862. near Shelbyville, Tenn., reach Chattanooga on the 11th, unfortunately delayed one day. Reaching Marietta, they return by train next day, steal the engine and three cars at Big Shanty, in the face of 10,000 Confederates, and

dash away. II .- They are pursued by train, and the exciting chase rouses the country. Bridges are burned, tracks destroyed, wires cut, but the pursuers hang on. After a reckless race, the fuel gives out, and there is no opportunity to replenish it. They are almost captured. III .- The story of the train-stealing is told from the rebel standpoint.

IV .- Alf Wilson takes up his story again as the men jump from the engine, and details like other prisoners. part of his thrilling adventures in eluding the pursuers.

V .- The country is full of enemies, and the strain on Wood and Wilson is terrible. They are surprised by a cavalry squad and captured. VI.-Old Snow, Captain of the squad, thinks they are Southern men trying to escape conscription. They tell a plausible story, and They are harbored by a Unionist, and later guided on their way and to a boat. A dangerous passage is made down the Tennessee. Near Stevenson, Ala., they meet fugitive rebels, who tell them that the Yankees are in the town. They reach the place, to find it swarming with rebel soldiers.

VII.-Wood and Wilson are captured, soon identified as engine thieves, and thrown into a loathsome dungeon at Chattanooga, known as "Swims's Hole." They find there their companions in the Andrews Raid.

VIII.-The borrors of a rebel prison are aptly described. Owing to Gen. Mitchel's sudden appearance all the prisoners are hurried off by railway to Madison, Ga., but were returned to the Chattanooga prison after the Federal troops had left that immediate vicinity.

CHAPTER VIII-(continued).

OW I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE seen the old 21st regiment, under command of the intrepid Col. Arnold McMahan, turned loose by companies on that blood-thirsty, cowmob, who would insult and do lence to a few half starved men, loaded down with chains and shackles. This crudelytold incident is not a very strong support to the theory of the chivalrons valor and honor once so vauntingly claimed by the slaveholding aristocracy of the South.

I was very much relieved when the whistle sounded and the train pulled out for Madison, Ga., for I have no doubt that had we been detained 15 minutes longer, we would have been dragged from the cars and hung or cut to pieces, or beaten to death in the streets, so crazy and excited had these infuriated demons become. I was glad to leave them-that I am certain of.

Next morning we reached Madison, which was a neat, prettily-situated town, although the effects of war were visible in the deserted appearance of the streets, where no en leave of absence, or cripples, and occasionally an old man. On our march to the jail, groups of women and children thronged the sidewalks to stare at us.

all, we had plenty of fresh air to breathe, and a fair supply of very tolerable rations. We would have been more comfortable if our chains and irons had been taken off, but, retaliation. as it was, we recruited rapidly, and soon felt like men again, all of which blessings we for as ever mortal men could be.

to see us. Among these one day an intelli- and front of the offense-the men whose in the names. gent man came in, dressed in a neat Con- lives were first to be sacrificed on the alter federate uniform, and whom I noticed speak- of rebel vengeance. But I am proud to be friends (the 2d Ohio) first, and afterwards ing burriedly in a low tone of voice to An- able to say that not a man of that faithful some of his favorite comrades from other drews. We did not suspect anything at the band was base enough to betray his com- regiments, as he still clung to the exchange time, and from the decidedly rebel views he | rades, although poor Jacob Parrott, of the expressed to us we took the officer for a 33d Ohio, the youngest of the party, and rabid secesh, but after he had been gone who had a boyish appearance, was stripped some little time Andrews privately com- by the inhuman devils who captured him municated to us the fact that he was acquainted with the man, and the additional fact, surprising to us, that he was none other than a Federal spy in the service of the United States. We trembled at the audacious daring of the fellow, and were wondering whether it could be possible that he was, in fact, as Andrews said, a Union his naked back with a heavy rawhide to man running his neck into the very halter. We were inclined to doubt the correctness of the story, until, a little later, the Sergeant of the Guard, who came in to bring our supper, told us that a remarkable thing had happened that afternoon.

THE FEDERAL SPY'S ESCAPE.

ors at the prison during the afternoon, and He became very indignant because of his his affliction nearly cost him his life. arrest, and told them, with great emphasis, that he had papers in his pocket that would prove his character anywhere. The Officer of the Guard was taken aback somewhat at this information, and released his hold on the stranger, but asked him to produce the papers. The spy thereupon thrust his hand in his pocket and began fumbling about, as though trying to find them. By this time the train had started, and the hind coach was just passing where they stood at a pretty good rate of speed, when he sprang from the guard like a tiger and got aboard the train. There was no telegraph office at the station, and he made good his escape.

This caused the rebel commandant to forbid any more visiting; but we felt consolation in the hope that the spy would report our condition to the United States authorities and some efforts would be made to se- ported to be such, before a court-martial, cure our release. Whether the spy ever reached the Union lines I do not know.

After a stay of several days at the Madison jail, an order came one day for our immediate return to Chattanooga, and the good time we were having was suddenly brought to a close. Gen. Mitchel, though he had badly frightened the citizens and rebel soldiers, had not taken the town. We were hurried back and incarcerated in the same old prison we had been in before. Two circumstances, however, after our return, did great. much to relieve the misery of this prison. The Captain of the Guard allowed a portion of our party to remain in the room above the pit which was our first quarters.

This was a great relief, at least to some of us, and made more room for the others below. We had, also, with the assistance of a case-knife, which one of our men had secured, contrived implements by which we could unlock our shackles, and we were thus enabled to relieve ourselves of this discomfort, except at times when we expected the jailer in, when we would replace them; as otherwise, had they found out what captured us. was going on, they would have brought in a blacksmith and put them on to stay, besider gramming us all down into the "hole

again. BEGARDED AS DESPERATE.

They must have regarded us as very des-

we were all down in the hole, where there they would lift the trap-door; and now that we were in the upper room a guard was kept on the outside of the fence around the prison; also one on the stairs which led to the second story, and when the jailer entered from his room, in front of ours, a strong guard, with fixed bayonets, ready for

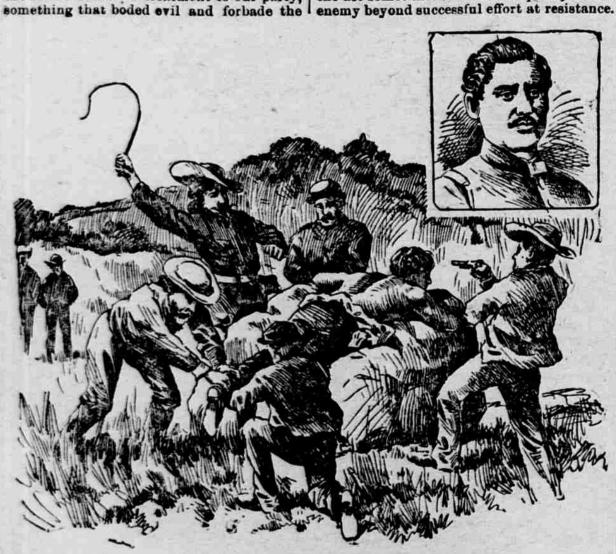
instant use, was at his back. This extra precaution on their part only disclosed the fact that they had some seri-

guiled by this seductive talk, and by it a a fellow is in a tight place, especially where premeditated effort to escape, which at his life and liberty are at stake, prompt, east promised success, was thwarted. To decisive, fearless action wins oftener than those of us who looked the matter squarely any other. in the face there was, in the very nature of | The very audaciousness and boldness the rebels' course of treatment to our party, the act sometimes confuses and paralyzes the

better-conceal himself under the jailer's bed in the room in front of us, and then after everything was quiet at night steal out, noiselessly unlock the door, after which we could all come out, go stealthily down stairs in a body, surprise and disarm the guard, and then proceed to the boat as in ne other plan.

All were anxious, if I remember rightly, except two, Marion Ross and Geo. D. Wilson, the latter of Cincinnati, who thought the proposed attempt premature. They relied on the talk of the officers in charge of us that me would be exchanged-a reliance based on a sendy foundation, as will be seen was no chance to escape, they would always from a coincidence which will be mentioned 21st and 33d Ohio, and led by J. J. Andrews, a bring a strong guard into the room before further along in my account, and which recalls the names of these two comrades. But there were some flying reports and rumors current that did, for a little time, cause a rainbow of hope to appear in our cheerless, cloudy horizon.

These and the opposition, more especially of Wilson, who was a ready talker, well educated, full of experience, fertile and inmuch influence with us, and temporarily ous reasons, serious to us at least, for guard- lulled the clamor for bouncing the guards ing us so closely, and the further fact that and trying to escape. Although I was in the they were afraid of us, even with our chains minority, I did not feel nor do I now feel on; all of which did not in the least deter us, satisfied that the attempt was not both however, from laying plans to escape. To | justifiable and feasible. I would not, howquiet us, and as if to allay our apprehen- ever, be understood as reflecting on the sions, and thus prevent any efforts on our judgment of any of my comrades, many of ridge is a ravine. The accumulation of part to regain our liberty, our guards talked | whom have gone beyond the reach of voice encouragingly about our being exchanged or sight of man. We were all trying to do for the best, though we differed in judgment. Unfortunately, some of our men were be- Yet, I have learned by experience that when



BRAVE JACOB PARROTT AND HOW THE REBELS TREATED HIM.

thought or hope of an exchange, as in the case : I have no doubt that some of our lives would not sent into camp with other Union pris- escape, and not one of us might have suconers they held. Again, we discovered, ceeded in gaining our liberty; yet, if all of us when we were all together and compared could have foreseen the final outcome we notes, that every means had been resorted | could scarcely have made the matter worse men were to be seen, except a few soldiers to by our incensed captors to extort and ob- by a bold attempt to get out, even if it did tain admissions and confessions from us cost life. which could be used as evidence on which to support charges for our conviction. Of course, they must put us through the form, fied before the world in swift and terrible

The rebels had shown an especial desire near Ringgold the same day we left the engine, and four men held him stretched hand and foot on a large rock, while others with instant death if he made the least effort at resistance. Having thus placed him, a rebel Lieutenant scored and gashed make him confess, and more especially to

tell the names of the leader and engineer. Thrice was he released and asked to confess, and thrice put to the torture because he refused, until his inhuman captors had sickened and tired of the inhuman spectacle before them, for, although they had whipped him until his back was one mass of bloody The Sergeant said the commandant of the welts and bruised, quivering, lacerated flesh, town had learned, by some means, that one still did the heroic lad refuse to open his lips of Lincoln's spies had been among the visit- and disclose a word that might betray his comrades. He suffered untold agonies from had at once put officers on the hunt for him this merciless lashing. His back became a spoken-not a man moved. It was still as to cause his arrest. The spy was found at mass of sores, and with the hard floor to lie death at the hour of midnight. the depot, just as the cars were coming in. on and no covering, it was no wonder that

CHAPTER*IX.

Planning to Escape-Lured by False Hopes. Night Fixed Upon for the Attempt. Twelve of the Train-thieves Sent to Knoxville for Trial-Escape Postponed-Andrews's Death-warrant-Preparations to Break Jail.

lion, had admitted to them that he was the leader of the party, and, as before noted, had been out and had a trial, or what purthe findings and sentence of which had not yet been made known, and he and been returned to the prison with us to await the

Meantime we had carefully canvassed our chances of escape. There were two plans, and only two, in which the chances of success looked fairly reasonable, and even in these the odds were as five to one against us. Still, they offered a possibility, and, to men in our desperate situation, no risk was too

One of these plans was that we should all have our irons off in the evening when the jailer and guards came up to bring our supper, and, as soon as the door was opened, make a grand rush on the leveled bayonets, disarm the guards, rush down on the guards below and disarm them; then, taking the arms thus secured, we could have marched in a solid body to the ferry-boat, which lay on our side of the river, cross over, destroy the boat, or disable her, and escape to the mountains, where no ordinary squad of mounted troopers could have

The other plan, proposed by Andrews, the most feasible, and the one finally agreed upon, was that one of our number should as we came in from our breathing spell in the yard which, by order of Col. Claiborne, Provost-Marshal, we had been allowed part of the time since our return to this prison, perate, dangerous men, from the extraordi- and for which, and other acts of humanity, he was removed from his position by Lead- is an ivigorating tenic, soothing to the nerves,

of ordinary prisoners of war. First, we were ; have paid the penalty of our attempt to

PLANS MUST BE CHANGED.

Finally, after weary days of vain hope to We found the jail here a paradise, com- at least, of a trial, and sustain their charges hear something favorable, we set a night for pared with our late den at Chattanooga. by some kind of testimony, by which our a determined strike for liberty. But it so We had plenty of room, light, and, best of execution would have the appearance of happened that on the very day of our projustification under the rules of civilized war- posed night escape an order came for 12 of fare; otherwise the Federals would be justi- our number to be sent to Knoxville. The order did not designate by name those who were to go. It merely said 12 of us. The officer handed the order to George D. Wilson, to find out who was the leader of our band, who happened to be down in the yard, where appreciated and were as devoutly thankful and also the engineer - the man who ran the he was allowed, on account of his being locomotive to death in our great race. Those sick that day with cholera-morbus or some While we were here many visitors came | two men they seemed to regard as the head | ailment of the kind, and asked him to fill

Wilson selected all of his own regimental delusion, and supposed he was doing his friends thus selected a favor. I was not of the number sent away, but

this order, taking away 12 of our party. upset our arrangments for an escape for the time being. After shaking hands with our departing comrades; we were compelled to held revolvers to his head, threatening him change our calculations, although we did not abandon the fixed purpose of getting in the trenches. That night and the next our liberty in some way.

One day some time after this, as we were sitting quietly in our prison discussing means of escape, an event accurred which hurried matters to a final decision. An officer came in, a stranger to us. After looking village at night illumined the whole northat us for a short time he took from his pocket a paper and handed it to Andrews, rection huge missiles of destruction were then turned and went out without saying a word. Andrews unfolded the paper, glanced at it a moment, and turned away, as if to retire to himself. Poor, ill-fated man! I shall never forget the expression of his countenance as we all fixed our earnest, inquiring gaze on him. Not a word was

ANDREWS'S DEATH-WARRANT.

As we exchanged hasty glances with each other every man seemed to know intuitively the dreadful import of that paperthat it was none other than Andrews's deathwarrant. No one ventured to break the dreadful silence, but Andrews passed the which to me, and, in fact, to most of us, was he is dead! dead! dead! there was not a not pleasant to think of. It forbade the man of us who did not tremble and show thought-yea, the possibility-of our being signs of keenest anguish. There was not a exchanged. Andrews, our leader, with a man of us who would not have fought to the noble magnanimity and the courage of a death for our brave, generous, manly leader. He had, by his noble manhood, bravery and kindness, endeared himself to all. His unselfish regard for every one of the party, his cheerful, quiet, encouraging manner under the most trying ordeals, had caused us to regard him with the greatest confidence and

The time fixed in the sentence for his execution gave him just one week longer to live and in which to prepare for death. But we had no idea of using all this precious time in preparing Andrews for death. It was a solemn occasion with us, and all fully realized the awful reality that stared | ploding. us in the face. This did not mean simply the execution of our noble leader. It was a forerunner of the fate that awaited every

man of us. We now set to work with all the quickened energies of desperate men bent on escaping or dying in the attempt. Our plan was soon formed. Our old case-knife was called into requisition. The building was of brick, lived with heavy plank. Three men stood on the floor together, and the fourth, with the case-knife made into a saw, stood on their shoulders, and was thus enabled to reach the plank ceiling overhead, into which by patience and perseverance we succeeded in sawing a square hole large enough to admit a man's body.

I To be continued.]

DO YOU FEEL IRRITABLES

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

The Editor would be glad to receive from the veterans articles of from 500 to 1,000 words, written exclusively for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and for publication in the Fighting Them Over department. The subjects should be of interest to veterans in general, and treated with especial regard for historical accuracy of statement. Narratives of the behavior of some particular regiment, brigade, or division on some field whereon it distinguished itself in some sampaign in which it took a itself, in some campaign in which it took a preminent part, in some siege wherein it acted offensively or defensively; reminiscences of prison life, the march, the battle or the camp; dramatic personal adventures, and humorous incidents—all such are solicited. They will receive prompt consideration, and if available be inserted. Stamps should be inclosed if it is desired that the manuscript be returned if unavailable.]

genious in resources, a close reasoner, had BOMBARDING REBEL STRONGHOLDS. A New York Captain's Graphic Story of the Reduction of Forts Sumter, Wagner, and harbor, and Fort Sumter.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Folly Island, S. C., is little more than a pair of sand ridges. Between the inner and outlying vegetable matter and other deposit had made a soil of great fertility.

When our troops first got a foothold on Folly Island, ridges and ravine were covered with thick forest. At the southern extremity was Stono Inlet, separating Folly and Kiawa Islands. North of Folly, and between it and Morris Island, is Light House Inlet. On the western side, toward Folly River. are marshes covered with heavy sea-grass. The value of the island in a military point of view was as a camping ground and base of supplies for troops operating against the A fragment of the same shell struck among it in the water all right, but after floating a or at any other time failed to do his duty. forts defending Charleston Harbor.

Morris Island, directly north of it, commanded the harbor. Here, on Cummings Point, its northern extremity, were the formidable earthworks called Forts Wagner and Gregg, the latter being an enlargement of the original Cummings Point battery. There were two divisions of Gen. Gillmore's army on Folly Island, under Gens. Vogdes and Gordon. Gen. R. S. Foster's Brigade, to which the 112th N. Y., 13th Ind., and 169th N. Y. belonged, was assigned to Vogde's | Co. G, 112th N. Y., Akron, O. Division, Tenth Corps. All the troops on the island were employed either as grand guard or on fatigue work in the trenches. The troops suffered severely from sickness,

on account of climate and bad water. Gen. Gillmore having completed his batteries and mounted his heavy guns, opened how many veterans remember the fight over fire on Fort Sumter, Aug. 17, 1863, over the the log house at the bridge on the W. A. R. heads of Forts Wagner and Gregg. The R. near Tunnel Hill, Ga., Oct. 15, 1864? At ironclad ships of the navy co-operated. the time I was a member of the 2d Mo., Foster's Brigade was ordered out at 3 o'clock | guarding the next bridge below, toward in the morning to move over to Morris Dalton, over Mill Creek, and was taken a Island as a reserve force.

The heaviest artillery ever used for breach-Fort Sumter. Forts Wagner and Gregg failed. The battery could not get a good were silenced by the fire of the navy and some of our batteries. When the bombardment had fairly begun it was a grand spectacle.

From our position the fire of the fleet could be distinctly seen and the shells smoke in the house, caused by firing. traced. Before night many ugly holes had been made, and on the 24th of August Gen. Gillmore sent a dispatch to the War Department that Fort Sumter was practically demolished. This statement afterwards proved premature, for though it was in consequence of this bombardment a shapeless mass of ruins, yet the rebels, out of the debris, were able to make the fort as impregnable as ever and as effective a guard of the harbor channel.

Gen. Gillmore now with characteristic His plan was novel and ingenious. The along a narrow strip of sand ridge, not more than 20 yards in width. The men excavating the zig-zag trenches were exposed James and Sullivan's Islands. Contrary to the rules of all engineering science at that day, the General pushed his parallels along until he had prepared a passage around the corner of Fort Wagner, by which he could move a storming party along the sea face of the fort. This was aided by the incessant artillery firing during the day, and a strong calcium light at night, throwing such a glare upon the fort that our pickets, riflemen, sharpshooters and artillerists could prevent the enemy from repairing the dam- they had so bravely held the log house all age done during the day, while we were en- afternoon against such a force, and seemed veloped in darkness.

On Sept. 26 Foster's Brigade, with Col. J. C. Drake, 112th N.Y., in temporary command, was ordered to Morris Island as grand guard day were to be completed the preparations preliminary to storming and blowing up the fort by the mine underneath. It was dark | Johnson, who surrendered without showing all around the parallels and where the re- any fight, probably out of respect to the serve was posted, but a glare like a burning ern extreme of the island. From every diflying through the air. Great guns made the ground tremble. The huge monsters so rent the air that those in front of them. though separated by several parallels, involuntarily gasped for breath.

Passing along the winding passages through the sand, by several mortar batteries and riflepits, where some sharpshooters lay; by the extreme guard and along the line where the colored troops and contraband negroes were busily engaged digging and throwing up and out sand, until you came to the end of the flying sap, looking a few yards, apparently, the huge and now shapeless mass of Fort Wagner. There was no sign of life there. A shell would go rush- was only 16 years old, and rode a yellow paper to us. He was perfectly calm, with | ing overhead and explode over the fort, | mule while with Hood's staff at the time. no trembling or perceptible emotion, but as lighting up for a moment this ruin. Then J. B. SCHNEIDER, Co. E, 2d Mo., 1956 Penn This course of the rebel authorities toward we looked upon the paper and read the again darkness and silence. Passing out street, St. Louis, Mo. our band had a significance—a meaning, words, "and then and there be hanged until again, and looking towards James Island, you could see a sharp flash, hear the smothered sound of a heavy gun, then see a ball with a flery tail mounting upward very deliberately. Then, having reached its altitude, curving downward. "Now cover!" Every man would seek the bomb-proofs. With a peculiar rushing sound these great shells would explode, scattering iron missiles in every direction.

For several days the parallels approached completion. Our pickets were so near as to converse with the rebel pickets, but woe to the man who showed his head above the our brigade (Osterhaus's) approached on the embankment. There were on the average evening of May 18, 1863, by the Jackson five or six casualties daily during the progress road. Turning to the right, at the head of of the siege work. The men constantly came upon torpedoes the rebels had buried. Most of these were removed without ex-

One evening two of my men on guard ventured to look over the parapet of Fort evening. Wagner, and, seeing no one, returned, declarng the fort was evertated. The next morning, while preparations were making for assault from the ocean front, a few men of the guard went up to the fort, entered, and while they were looking around the magazine, eight rebel soldiers came out to them and surrendered. They had been left there with orders to spike the cannon and blow up the magazine. They pointed out a torpedo at the entrance of the magazine, so Forts Wagner and Gregg. These facts being part of the line. made known to the commanding General, a squad was sent to Fort Gregg, who took eventually stopped by heavy firing of the eight more prisoners. Thus, after two bloody enemy, which induced our men to seek and unsuccessful assaults and two months' siege, the whole of Morris Island came into | nies until our artillery could find suitable Gen. Gillmore's possession by the enemy positions. leaving, without the necessity of another During

operations for the reduction and recovery of fleet sould not be reached with signals. Fort Sumter and the occupation of Charles | owing to the heavy timber intervening. ton. The huge guns which had been em- After a short consultation this was found ployed in their reduction were transferred impossible, as no horse could cross Chickaand mounted upon these forts, and a new battery called Chatfield's-better known as this point. Peter Karberg volunteered to the "Swamp Angel"-was constructed be- swim across the bayou, but Gen. Badeau tween them on a point nearer Charleston insisted that only a commissioned officer and a big gun mounted upon it to shell the | could carry these dispatches. I, who was a

Morris Island by details of 500 men from the colored troops. But three or four shots were ever fired from this huge gun, because Gen. Beauregard placed several hundred Union officers and soldiers, prisoners of war in the barracks, along the docks in Charleston, to prevent us from shelling the city. On Sept. 20 the 112th N. Y. was ordered to go to a small island between Morris and James Islands to do picket duty and conpound Parrott guns on Black's Island. We were exposed to the fire of the rebel batteries

By fidelity to duty we won praise from Gen. Terry, under whose temporary command we were, and a flattering notice was our troubles commenced. sent by him to Headquarters of Gen. Gill-

Island before the surrender of Forts Wagner regiment had been wounded or killed. On the morning of the 25th of September, 1863, a private, George Thompson, had just come in from picket duty and taken a seat close beside me on a log. A shell thrown from James Island burst in the air overhead and a fragment broke his left arm and shattered his right knee, nearly severing the leg, away with the last hardtack. After a few wounding the calf of the left leg and foot. miles trudging we found a dagout. We got officer or man of his command in this raid the island, spattering them with mud. With a detail of men from my company I storm of shot and shell from the rebel batteries on James Island, Castle Pinckney, Forts Sumter, Wagner and Gregg, conveyed him safely to Morris Island and the operating hospital. Amputation was skillfully performed, but he died breathing words of loyalty.-GEORGE W. BARBER, sr., Captain,

HELD UP HOOD'S ARMY.

A Few Yankees Proved a Stumbling-Block to the Rebel Chieftain.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I wonder prisoner by Hood's men in the morning, and was with Hood on the hill when a battery ing fortifications was brought to bear upon | tried hard to demolish the structure, but position on the hill, and the house was built to stay. In this engagement several flags of truce were shot down, owing to the fact that the boys in the stockade or log house could not recognize them through the

When Gen. Hood saw that the place could not be taken so easily, he determined to make a charge, as he was bound to destroy the bridge, which he could not do without first taking the log house. Late in the evening columns of men were drawn up and surrounded the place, and were ready for the

An officer on Hood's staff asked the writer if he knew the commander of the log house, and if he thought the Captain would surrender if he were made acquainted energy and skill turned his efforts to reduc- with the true situation. I thought he ing the forts at the head of Morris Island. might, and volunteered to take the flag of truce to the commander in the log house. broad portion of the island, upon which the | Hood sent a message that he and his whole forts were situated, could only be approached army were before the Union commander, on sent flags of truce, which he failed to recognize. Hood's proposition was that he would to the fire of the forts, also to that from give the Yankee commander just 15 minutes in which to surrender, if he expected to be treated as a prisoner of war. If not he would take the place and burn it up, and no one should escape and no prisoners be taken. This must have been about 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening. The writer, with his flag of

truce and a Confederate escort, followed the railway embankment toward the bridge. When near the latter he was hailed. The orders were made known to the officer. who at the time could scarcely believe that to be under the impression that some raider

of the Wheeler pattern was before them. The command was surrendered. When the last Federal was out of the house, it was promptly set afire. We were joined by the 44th U. S. C. T. They had been stationed at Dalton, commanded by Col. L. Fort Pillow massacre. The colored soldiers were taken on south, but we were taken to Villanow, Ga., and paroled. But when we arrived at Chattanooga, Gen. Steedman would not recognize our paroles, and the most of us were transferred to the 15th Mo. and took part at Spring Hill, Franklin and Nashville, where we saw many a Johnny in our hands in whose possession we had been

but a few weeks before. After these engagements the writer went with his command to Texas, where he was mustered out of service on the 25th day of

December, 1865, at Victoria. I think the men in the log house belonged to an Illinois regiment. The writer no doubt must be well remembered by Hood's little to the left, and one could see within a men, as he was the first prisoner taken early in the afternoon near Dalton in company with a Hebrew who limped in one leg. I

A DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING

Carrying Dispatches from Grant's Army to Porter's Fleet.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: After our army had crossed the Mississippi River at Grand Gulf, and Gen. Grant had severed every communication with Admiral Porter and the North, we crowned with the victories of Champion Hill, Jackson, Raymond, and other engagements, were marching with eagerness toward Vicksburg, which Sherman's Corps, we formed the extreme right of Grant's army, but the outworks prevented a further movement. Our skirmishers reached the bottom of a high hill, from which rebel batteries greeted us that

We slept on our guns that night, but an occasional cannon-shot to our left seemed to indicate work ahead next day. The morning of the 19th opened bright and beautiful, but ominiously quiet in our front, and, rather unexpected, the fort was found to have been evacuated during the night by the Confederates, who retreated to their main works. An advance was soon ordered, and in lineof-battle we reached the crest of the bills. from which a beautiful view of the great Misplaced as to explode when our men entered. sissippi River was before us. By a left They reported that the work of evacuation | wheel of our division we reached the water's had been going on for three nights in both | edge, thus cooping up Pemberton on that

Our advance was slow but cautious, and shelter in the abandoned works of the John-

During that time Gen. Badeau arrived, requesting Gen. F. Steele to send an officer 'NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

The attention of Gen. Gillmere was now with a few men to the Yagoo or Mississippi directed to remodeling these works and River to bring some important dispatches fitting them for offensive use in further from Gen. Grant to Admiral Porter, whose saw Bayou or get through the swamps at Lieutenant in Co. B. 17th Mo., also volun-The gun was drawn along the beach of | teered, and both were detailed for this special service of opening communication between

the fleet and the investing army. After receiving written and verbal instructions, and arming ourselves with revolvers, we commenced our march through the woods and swamps. Reaching the base of the hills, struggling through the usual chopped timber in front of a fort, we reached a large cotton-field. We were observed by the rebs, who opened on us with heavy artillery. struct a new earthwork redoubt for two 64- This only hurried us across the field to the sheltering timber, when they ceased firing. After a short tramp we reached Chickasaw on James Island, Castle Pinckney, in the Bayou, where we found not only plenty of water, but mud and alligators galore. Selecting a suitable spot, we chased the critters and swam safely to the other side, where

We pursued our march through slough after slough, thick intervening vines and During the constant excursions to Morris | cottonwood, constantly coming in contact with snakes and other vermin, with only and Gregg not a man of my company or the sun for our guide. There was the constant possibility of prowling rebels to meet us. Thus we finally reached the deep green Yazoo River with clothes torn and wet, shoes lost, and after many miles of marching. looking more like tramps than soldiers,

tired and hungry. We rested, dried our clothes, and made a party of officers who had just landed upon little way it sank, and we had to swim ashore.

We went along the soft, muddy river bank placed Thompson in a vawl, and amidst a for several miles, when we noticed black smoke rising above the trees ahead of us, which indicated our friends were near. It was not long before, coming around a bend in the river, our gunboat Baron de Kalb hove in sight. Our troubles were forgotten. With hurrahs we hailed it, and were taken, rather cautiously, aboard, as our appearance was not very inviting.

Our errand was made known to the commanding officers, and their joy was great. Upon a signal a tugboat following us came alongside, to which I transferred, while Comrade Karberg proceeded with the gunboat to Haynes's Bluff, there to meet Col. Shaw, of the 4th Iowa Cav., with further dispatches, and to assist in taking the bluffs, unless they they were evacuated upon their arrival. However, the rebs had one, and Col. Shaw just arrived in time drive out the stragglers.

Upon reaching Admiral Porter, between 3 and 4 p. m., and delivering my dispatches, he was greatly surprised at the success of Gen. Grant's army, this being the first official news since April 28, and of the complete investment of Vicksburg.

After receiving fresh clothes, a good meal, and the issuing of orders for the fleet and troops to proceed up the Yazoo River, I boarded the tinclad boat Petrel, Capt. Brown commanding, to communicate and inform Gen. Grant of the success of our tramp. Our mission was a complete success.

and men established that same night a base of supplies, and full rations were again issued to our army the next day. Comrade Karberg, shortly after the fall of Vicksburg, was promoted to First Lieutenant of the 51st U. S., in which he served as Adjutant to the end of the war, after

which he settled at Lincoln, Neb. He died

in 1884 .- J. G. LANGGUTH, St. Louis, Mo.

Transports with provisions, ammunition,

THE NASHVILLE BATTLE.

their way north, and that he had repeatedly | Gen. Johnson Forgot to Mention that A. J. Smith's Boys Were There.

> EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the issue of June 17 Gen. R. W. Johnson gives us a good description of the great battle of Nashville, although be fails to mention the fact that there were present and participants in that great battle two veteran divisions of the Sixteenth Corps, under A. J. Smith. Gen. Johnson says the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps were the nucleus of organization around which rallied detachments-raw recruits, drafted men, new regiments. These, he says, were the men who gave Thomas his wonderful victory; but where were A. J.'s boys while all this powder was being burnt? From the manner in which we have been ignored by the General, our friends at home might be led to the conclusion that we, as an entire corps, were out "hooking" chickens and soft bread and getting ready for a hilarious time for the holidays while the vets of the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps, with the aforesaid ralliers, were whipping Hood, saving Nashville and preventing the Sixteenth Corps from being

cantured. But though Gen. Johnson fails to tell it to the country, Gen. Smith and his two veteran divisions were there. I would not detract one iota from the glory won by the gallant boys of the Fourth and Twenty-third. or Steedman's dusky soldiers to the left. They all covered themselves with glory; so did our corps, and, boys, let us divide up the glory and give each part its share.

The battle of Nashville might not have been a success without the assistance of Smith's Veteran Divisions. Among the prisoners taken on the second day was Hood's Orderly, a genuine article, for I examined his credentials, signed by John B. Hood. I walked by his side clear back to Nashville after the battle. I was one of the guards of a squad of 1,300 men. He told me it was originally Hood's intention to charge and carry the city by assault, in spite of the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps; but one of his best scouts informed him he had better be cautious, as the veterans who had thrashed Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor at Pleasant Hill, Cane River, Marksville Prairie, Yellow Bayou, Lake Chicot, Tupelo, and other places, stood between him and rations and clothing sufficient for his ragged army. So Hood changed his plan from an assault to a

The battle of Nashville was a grand success, due to Thomas's inimitable plans. The rebel army which Sherman had been pounding all Summer was destroyed by Thomas. All honor to every gallant soldier engaged in the strife. - JOSEPH H. BELL, Co. E, 27th Iowa, Exira, Iowa.

Gen. O. M. Mitchel.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Will you please tell what became of Gen. O. M. Mitchel, who made that brilliant campaign in northern Alabama early in 1862. When old "Brains" was digging up the country from Pittsburg Landing out to Corinth. hiding behind his collapsed intrenchments, and with trembling lips giving orders not to vring on a battle, -better retreat than fight,-Gen. Mitchel was actively employed n thrashing all the Johnnies in northern Alabama capturing all their railroads, destroying all their supplies, and if "Brains" had given him a few more troops he would certainly have taken Chattanooga.-C. B. HUTCHINS, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.

[The jealousy of Gen. Buell and some of his division commanders made it so very disagreeable for Gen. Mitchel that he was transferred from there to the "Department of South Carolina," with Headquarters at Hilton Head. Great things were expected from him, and he was in a fair way to justify these, when he was attacked by yellow fever and died, Oct. 30, 1862, five weeks after reaching his new post of duty. - EDITOR

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

W. R. Sanford, Captain, Co. K, 14th III. Cav., Center, Mo., writes: "Gen. Jodel with the 5th Ind. Cav., 14th Ill. Cav., and battery, followed John Morgan from Keetucky. Near Buffington Island, or Ber, July 19, 1863, we were enveloped in a dense fog. Suddenly we were startled by a discharge of musketry. The road ran through a cornfield. The 5th Cav. and the battery formed the advance-guard. The enemy was in possession of both sides of the read. and let the advance-guard pass before they commenced firing. They poured a murder-ous fire upon both flanks of the main column. Men and horses fell fast, but we succeeded in forming and charged upon the rebels, driving them from their position. They still held a small elevation on our left but after two hours' hard fighting we reuted them, recovering our advance-guard, which had been cut off in the beginning of the fight, and capturing 1,400 prisoners, including many officers.

"Among them was Basil Duke, Morgan's right bower, who had been in command of the force, and many others who had led us lively chases before that time in Kentucky. "Maj. Rue, in a recent issue, censures Gen. Judah for not coming up to help capture the retreating force under Morgan. One can readily see Judah and his command had done all mortal men could do. Gen. Judah might have had his faults, as all mortale have, but to be backward in doing his duty in an engagement, I can say he nor a single His Enlistment Prevented.

W. E. Graham, York, Neb., writes: "I was born in the Hoosier State, Dec. 20, 1858. so was very young when Fort Sumter was bombarded by the rebels. Father remained at home until after the first Bull Run, when he left mother, two little sisters and myself. to enter the army. Mother's sister was staying with us at the time. I got ready, slipped out, and started for the front over the same road father had taken. Before I was out of sight of home I turned and saw mother's big sister coming. How I scratched gravel to get away only the sister and myself know, but she gained until I felt something in my hair that stopped me suddenly. I had to surrender, and was taken back to the house and held a prisoner. Afterward I tried again, and although I fought hard the result was the same, and I gave up the attempt to enlist. Still, I honor the brave men who went to the front, and the ballot which went into the box in Leroy County was deposited by myself for an honored soldier as President of the United States."

The Gallant 12th Mo. Cav. J. Rich, Co. D. 12th Mo. Cav., Dillon. Mont., writes: "The 12th Mo. Cav. was organized March 23, 1864, and was first under fire near Abbeyville, Aug. 10, 1864. losing two killed and three wounded. It formed part of A. J. Smith's command on the expedition to Oxford, Miss. Three men were killed, five wounded and 30 taken prisoners. We first met the forces under Hood at Shoal Creek, Nov. 8, 1864, and acted as rear-guard for Thomas's entire army from Shoal Creek to Columbia, during which time we were constantly engaged. The 12th Mo. was the first regiment incide the rebel works at Nashville, Dec. 15, 1864. We captured seven pieces of artillery and 250 prisoners. We were engaged in the expedition against the Indians in 1865, and

for nine days were without food." Scattering. Mrs. Phoebe Neikirk, Forest City, Ill., would like by mail the old song entitled "Nicodemus." The first lines ran thus:
"Nicodemus, the slave, was of Africal birth, and bought for a bagful of gold." THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE wants the ad-

dress of the Secretary of the Society of the Army of the James. W. H. Hoyt, Eby, Ind., writes: "I saw in a recent issue the story of Grant's little joke on the Lieutenant who had secured a good meal by impersonating the General The story is true, but the Lieutenant was

H. H. Melton, Co. G, 1st Ind. Cav. "Like the Regulars."

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: A comrade. who was taken prisoner in the early part of the war, and was temporarily confined in . Georgia out-of-the-way-town, relates that a Georgia Captain, with a company of new recruits for the Confederate army, arrived at the place one day, and were drilling near where the "Feds" were under guard.

Captain and recruits were entirely ignorant of military tactics, but the Captain had evidently seen some drilling done. He had his men drawn up in two ranks, but did not know how to get them into four ranks. Finally, a bright thought struck him. In a loud, clear tone, and with dignity all over him, at least four inches thick, he showed his ability to meet the emergency by com-

manding: "From two strings into fo' strings-like ther reg'lars. Right smaht now. Git!"-R. M. ALLEN, Jefferson City, Mo.



At this moment thousands of men are standing at the cross-roads of life. Death in the guise of a foolish ambition coares them to take one road, while health and happiness in the form of wife and bables coax them to take the other. For the sake of a few added dollars will they continue to over-work and neglect the commonest precautions for the preservation of health, or will they listen to love and reason and draw back before it is too late? A man may do almost any amount of good, hard work if he will take care of his health and when he feels out of sorts will take the right remedy. The great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve tonic is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the hard-workers' medicine. It corrects all disorders of the diges-tion, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood and tones and steadies the nerves. It makes the appetite hearty and brings refreshing sleep. Thousands of hard workers owe their lives to it and have said so over their

substitutes are frauds. "I was taken with erysipelas in my hands and went to the doctor," writes Mrs. Lena Baumgart-ner, of Joy, Charlevoix Co., Mich. "He said he could not cure me. He gave me medicine to ease me but the disease spread all over my body. I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two of the 'Favorite Prescription' and am entirely cured. I have a boy three weeks old. I was helpless two or three months before confinement, but after taking the 'Favorite Prescrip tion' I was able to do my washing three days before I was confined."

signatures. Druggists all sell it and all

There is scarcely a known form of illhealth that constipation will not cause or aggravate. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an unfailing cure for constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative.

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